

Had the *Good* and *Great H—ke* concerted this Plan,
 All the Law had *rush'd* in, and subscrib'd to a *Man* :
 Then if Dangers impend, — Great *GEORGE*, we *all* hope,
 That *none* but dear *H—ke* may muster our Troop.

Derry down, &c.



9.
Jan 58

A N

O D E

TO THE

Honourable *H^{an}y F^o-x,*

k

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

Du^{ties}-s of *M^{anchester}* to *H^{as}-f^{ey}*, Esq;



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's 1746.

[Price Sixpence.]

AN
O D E
F

TO THE

Honourable A. J. F. X.

ON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

Duchess of M. to H. J. F. X.



LONDON

Printed for A. Moore near St. Paul's 1746.

[Price Sixpence]



An O D E
TO THE
Honourable *H---y F---x*, &c.

I.

CLIO, behold this charming Day,
The Zephyrs blow, the Sun looks gay,
The Sky one perfect Blue;
Can you refuse at such a Time,
When *F-x* and I both beg for Rhyme,
To sing us something new?

B

II. The

II.

The Goddess smil'd, and thus begun :

I've got a pleasing Theme, my Son,

I'll sing the conquer'd D-----s ;

I'll sing of that disdainful Fair

Who, scap'd from *Scotch* and *English* Snare,

Is fast in *Irish* Clutches.

III.

Sunk is her Pow'r, her Sway is o'er,

She'll be no more ador'd, no more

Shine forth the publick Care :

Oh! what a Falling-off is here,

From her whose Frowns made Wisdom fear,

Whose Scorn begot Despair !

IV. Wide

IV.

Wide was th' Extent of her Commands,
O'er fertile Fields, o'er barren Lands
She stretch'd her haughty Reign :
The Coxcomb, Fool, and Man of Sense,
Youth, Manhood, Age, and Impotence
With Pride receiv'd her Chain.

V.

Here *L-u-c-i-f-e-r* offer'd brutal Love,
Here gentle *C-h-r-i-s-t* gently strove
With Sighs to fan Desire ;
Here *C-h-r-i-s-t* snor'd his Hours away,
Here drowsy *S-l-e-e-p* every Day
Sat out her *G-r-a-c-e*'s Fire.

VI. Here

VI.

Here constant *B--t---n* too we saw
Kneeling with reverential Awe,
T'adore his high-flown Choice;
Where you, my *F-x*, have sigh'd whole Days,
Forgetting Kings and Peoples Praise,
Deaf to Ambition's Voice.--

VII.

What Cloaths you made! how fine you dress'd!
What *Dresden* China for her Feast! ---
But I'll no longer tease you;
Yet 'tis a Truth you can't deny,
Tho' Lady *C--r--l--e* is nigh,
And does not look quite easy.

VIII. But

VIII.

But careful Heaven design'd her Grace
 For one of the *Milesian* Race,
 On stronger Parts depending;
 Nature indeed denies them Sense,
 But gives them Legs and Impudence,
 That beats all Understanding.

IX.

Which to accomplish, *H-f-y* came,
 Op'ning before the noble Dame
 His honourable Trenches ;
 Nor of Rebukes nor Frowns afraid,
 He push'd his Way (he knew his Trade,)
 And won the Place by Inches.

X. Look